

A DREAM,
DESERTED,
AND
THE FROLICSOME SNOW.

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A Dream.

Just ere I quit, one faintly breaking morn,
That most defineless part of all of life.

The nameless, enigmatic realms of slumber,
Wherein the o'erpent, eager soul is freed

5 A welcome while from fleshly tyranny,
I dreamed a dream where actuality
To me forecast itself in a strange setting
Of grandeur woven with uncommon beauty,
A weird and mystic mystery of beauty.

10 I dreamed a dream, so rare, so sweet a dream,
So rapturously free from earthly ill,
So like a Heavenly vision all, and yet
So tangible, so most minutely real,
It must have been, in its strange vividness,
15 A bit of perfect life caught in the grasp
Of haunted sleep.

I was a wanderer,
As it hath been my wont for long and long.
Until, amid the bourneless crowd of years,
It doth seem hard that Fate hath so bewilled it;
20 And harder still when I behold myself
Without a haven near or far in view,
Hurled head-long on as if to be the butt
Of every storm, and thus 't must always be.

But no matter! I dreamed a dream and in 't
25 I was a wanderer on a wide range
Of pleasant mountains, fair, tho' miniature
In size and baby-formed they were, but fair,

- And cleft with many a deep and winding gulf
And slumbering valley, slumbering yet living
30 With cool glades, rivulets and the green sward.
The mounts—their slopes and gently waving crests—
Were dressed in sportive bits of mead, and growth
Of a most comely shrubbery and forest—
A joyous forest, where at hide and seek
35 The clear blue heavens played among the leaves
Like azure sprites, and peeped with roguish eyes
Through every tiny chink, wanton as mirth
In childhood; and a countless flower throng,
Choice to the uttermost of wild-wood rareness,
40 Looked up with laughter at the ogling sky;
While feathered beings peopled many a bough
With wondrous merriment; and those with these
In loveliness were vieing all among,
The ones silent as beautiful, arrayed
45 In glad shapes, tints and delicate perfumes;
The others, though less fairy-like berobed,
With their gay looks, their court'sies, their quaint posings,
Their flits and flights, and airy arts of grace,
And still yet airier, sweeter roundelays
50 Of ceaseless song, in sheer delightingness
Seemed to outdo all neighbors; but the twain,
These two bright companies of rival beauty,
With form and hue, perfume, motion, melody,
Unweetingly bewitched with bliss that wood.
- 55 Leagues, leagues away, grey, shooting minarets,
The wizen shapes of distance-dwindled peaks,
Stretched slender to the far off taunting blue.

And here I was a wanderer; not in
The late and lingering sultriness of Summer,
60 But e'en the balm of early blowing June

Deep-bathed the peaks, the growing hills and valleys,
 The which all grateful did in turn give back
 In very richness more abundantly—
 Yea! thrice all they from June's fair hand received.

65 And here I was a wanderer, alone,
 'Mid one of Nature's intact solitudes—
 A faultless wilderness serene and mute;
 Mute, yet a thousand thousand speaking things
 Around—a world of fragrances and lovelinesses,
 70 Wild harmony and most continuous music;
 Where one, from rosy childhood springing up
 And taking an even start with Time,
 Might wander on and on an hundred years
 And ne'er grow old—living on youth's elixir.

75 And here I was a wanderer 'mid all
 This luxury of sweetness and delight,
 And in the revel which enwrapped my soul
 With feeling, breathing joy, how little wot I
 That yet another feast surpassing even
 80 All that had gone before it, waited me.

Steady and soft, now, gracious Muse! aloof
 The little distance of a sprung stag's flight
 And fair in view, upon the fairy crown
 Of a most friendly hill, a hill auspicious
 85 More than the others, and by Nature studded
 With great oaks, oaks broad-branched, most sheltering oaks,
 And linden trees, and scattering white-bark'd birch,
 Those beautifiers marvelous of earth,
 With lithe-limb'd dogwood 'neath their neighborly nod,
 90 And some more humble wildings thorn'd and crook'd
 But snowy-white with wondrous fragrant bloom,
 With pink wild roses springing from the green,

- There rose a rustic cot. It fronted northward
As it were, with an open front upon
95 A rivuleted vale—a narrow vale
But richly dow'r'd, alike the fairy hill,
Save more luxurious. Fair in it sparcely grew
Tall, droop-bough'd elms, some lesser shafts, and knots
Of shrubbery blown, and flowers without number.
100 Exchanged, there, kisses with the love-sick breeze;
And at the farthest edge, afront the cot,
A dainty grotto nestled in the hill
Whence issued purling waters. To and fro
Birds flitted through the dell, and limp-legg'd hares
105 Did tease the spiry grass with their light tread;
And e'en the doe with her most scary fawn
Browsed there, and dallied, verily, they did,
As if acquaint with the o'er-looking cot,
And fed there but to make its brightness brighter.
- 110 Beyond this scene lay other hills and gulches
And vales a tithe less fair than where the cot,
Yet monstrous pleasant to the eye beholding.
Afar, huge foresters hurdled and bivouac'd
Like bold battalions o'er their mountainous field,
115 With their gnarl'd arms stretched far aloft upbearing
Not only nuts and leaves but eagles' nests
And those of frisking squirrels. These—all this
And myriads more that north front oped upon;
But looking southward, e'en on whence I came,
120 A meek but cool and airy vine-clad stoop
Shaded an open window, it, itself,
Wreathed 'round with ivy, and so deep it most
Was like a door—a very welcome door,
For, from its goodly distance, there, it smiled
125 So on me, so invitingly smiled on me,
Its salient secret drew me more than near;

- And soon by some unknown and unexplained
Permission, I, with a faint-beating heart—
The hesitance of entering sacred grounds—
130 Was 'llowed to enter that strange place; but lo!
When most I thought me there full in and free,
I was bestruck anew with timidity,
Adoring, wonder, silence; for, oh Muse!
I found me in a presence whom I know
135 Not how to name, for sure, indeed 't is sure,
If novels, poems, paintings, sculptures held
Her like, they'd ne'er be deemed daughters of men,
But of the bright above; yet she was more
Than they, for flesh she had, with form and tints,
140 And beauty—beauty passing theirs, and yet
With Heaven's innocence about it all.
Oh! that I had Apollo's gift to sing
The graces 'bodied in that being! Upon
An easy couch she easily reclined,
145 And was alone, as a born queen presiding
O'er her own loveliness. Her sweet face like
The clear sky of the night—the meeting place
Only of lovely things. Her eyes, that pair of eyes,
I would not call them stars, stars are too common,
150 And if as bright, not half so wonderful;
For a different sort of luminary they,
Lit by the soul of Genius; fathomless orbs
With pupils of bright dew drops compassed 'round
With hazel fairer than the rings of Saturn;
155 And these bright orbs, these bright, most speaking gems,
Whose only setting should be other gems,
Were set, indeed, in their pure innocence
Were set—so soft, so musically throned
Beneath such pencilled brows, that there they dwelt
160 As empresses do dwell in royal homes;
And ever through their portal's silky fringe

- They glanced o'er cheeks—cheeks showing of themselves
That they were fields of that most rarest bloom—
The cross betwixt the lily and the rose.
- 165 But in the midst of those fair fields awoke
A shape, in very delicacy drawn
So Phidian it was their mount of beauty,
Leant toward a chin exquisite as itself,
Nay! more, and worthy to be called the throne
- 170 Of matchless mysteries; for just above it
Grew pearls so comely, issued breath so pleasing,
And bloomed such lips, oh lips! so richly curved,
And carved, and learned in lore of gracefulness,
Not Angelo could e'en have wished them better.
- 175 And, lover, if thou hast adored the rouge
In which Aurora does the cheek of morn,
Or felt the witchery of the hues of roses,
Then these two petals, they alone had won thee;
For such they were, withal, so rare, so dainty
- 180 And lucid-pure 't had seemed a sacrilege
To give them to the wanton lips of love;
Nor did me-think they had been thus profaned.

- Her brow was like a sunlit snowy range,
Imposing yet immaculately sweet,
- 185 And so serene, so cloudless-smooth and fair
It seemed fresh from the Master Maker's hand;
And of such mould was that bright work of Heaven
As is but once 'mid many millions seen,
And only then by the observer waiting
- 190 Long, patiently, for one of Nature's rare
Fits of perfection moulding such a joy;
And softly edging on its fleckless snow
Lay dark and wavy tresses—silken waves,
Reposing in luxuriance and beauty,
- 195 A fitting crown for that seraphic being,

Whose whole face was attuned to one sweet smile;
 Not that of conscious, catering suavity,
 But the unconscious, free, ingenuous smile
 Which Heaven sets on all its lovely things.

- 200 Her figure, not a doll's, but of that size
 That gave it natural port; and that strange form
 Clad in a faultless *négligé* of summer
 Was its own model, such a type as painters,
 Sculptors do con the centuries for in vain.
- 205 Her throat was but a simpler name for grace—
 A liliated line of magic 'neath whose pure
 And perfect-shapen base there peeped a bosom
 Lovelier than the swell of ruddy morn.

- Her shoulders were the happy combinations
 210 O' the curves of beauty met in comely hills—
 Ay! wondrous comely hills of driven snow.
- Her arms, themselves the moulds of elegance,
 Clad only in their own soft milky white,
 Were but continuations of that loveliness
- 215 From whence they sprang. But ah! her hand—that hand
 Wrought so exquisitely, so rounded-plump,
 Dimpled, and tipped, yea! with such shapely fingers,
 That one involuntarily exclaimed,
 Truly this has Apollo's seal of seals!
- 220 For such was the perfection, shape and tint;
 Yet knowing of its source, one scarce could marvel.

- But whilst I wistfully stood gazing, strange,
 'Tis strange, for yet I know not how it was,
 I was allowed that fairy hand in mine;
- 225 And oh! its fairness shone so daintily
 In mine, that I did wish to print thereon a kiss,
 But instant it withdrew, not haughtily
 But firmly as if knowing its own will;
 Yet so unconscious seeming of my wrong—

- 230 So purely modest it withdrew, my wish
Was banished and I could but mutely wonder
E'en at such gentleness—such never I
Had seen. And as I pondered what had passed,
My 'wilderer eyes fell softly to the ground,
235 When lo! they rested on another scene,
In sooth a very dainty scene,—two feet
More delicate than twin white doves, half clad
In downy velvet, white, but not such whiteness
As that it strove to hide.
As I stood trembling,
240 Scarce daring more to raise my fallen eyes,
And yet enraptured with the one before me,
By soft and kindly accents I was led—
E'en by a voice more sweet than Orphean notes
Was I, through speech most seemly, led to speak,
245 To join in converse o' many pleasant things:
Of arts and artists of the many kinds;
Of peoples, countries, habitudes, and more
Of Nature's host of nameless wonderments;
But most of all of music—marvelous music—
250 That mystery of universal power;
For this was Song's fair mistress, e'en the queen
Whom earth, with honor, wild applause and flowers
Sought, followed as a most imperial goddess
And crowned so willingly with fadeless laurels.
255 And as she entertained—yet so scarce seeming—
Most ever hung upon her dulcet lips
The humming of sweet airs, soft-broken tunes,
Such dainty snatches of rare melodies,
They seemed not of this earth, but hints and touches—
260 Nay! nay! deep touches of the bright beyond,
To tell me what I might expect in Heaven.
And often 'bout her 'partments she would move
E'en as an airy grace pursuing some

Most sweet but wilful note, yet soon 't was hers,
265 For, truth! she seemed the mistress of them all.
And thus she dwelt, a bright perfection seeming,
Alone, yet all-sufficient to itself.

As it hath been so magically writ,
"A thing of beauty is a joy forever,"
270 E'en so this bit of human loveliness,
But once to see was to remember always;
But once to know would be to love forever.
And here I lingered, knowing not how long,
For on, indeed! the earthless hours flew
275 So swiftly, minutes seemed but seconds, yet
Within those hours, ne'er before divined,
What multitudes of wild thoughts, feelings, blisses
Rushed in, and dreams within a dream, to live
And live, to grow, to bloom, but never die.
280 And this—'t is strange, how strange that it should be
The first, the last, the only thing I ever
Felt, knew, or dreamed without its touch of sorrow.
But this fair vision, wrought so of the real,
Was of that nameless order where no trace
285 Of sorrow's earthy mixture durst intrude.
And thus had I for once this side of Heaven—
A favor rarely e'er to finites given—
Through that mysterious telescope of sleep,
Permitted been to view things as they should be—
290 In perfectness, though in a mortal shape.

Deserted.

SINCERELY INSCRIBED TO THE UNFORTUNATE.

Alas! to love and not be loved
Is the sum of all tortures; none
Can know till he too long hath proved
The cost of loving only one.

Ah! dearly, dearly, ha! too dearly
We pay for what we cannot have,
The tribute hourly, daily, yearly, .
To end it only in the grave.

- 1 Oh what is this demon that follows me so,
This visage of evil wherever I go?
- 2 Why, why am I hunted from town unto town
Like a she-wolf that's hounded relentlessly down?
- 3 All the world it pursues me, not to save nor to kill,
But to tempt and to torture, and load me with ill,
- 4 Till my soul is so wretched fain, fain I would fly
Unto Death, yes! laugh to embrace him would I;
- 5 And he sees me and knows it, how swift I would die,
But he closes his merciless ear to my cry,
- 6 Because he is pitiless even as men
And denies what I've prayed for again and again;

- 7 Then how can I conquer his hate and compel
The respite he only can give? for I feel,
- 8 Though my heart is so faint with its burden of shame,
Yes, cowed from the horror of blame upon blame,
- 9 I cannot yet crush all the best I have felt
And add to my shame the suicide's guilt;
- 10 But on I must struggle with the world and its wrong,
And though but bare twenty, oh! my life seems so long!
- 11 I am turned to a spirit of sorrow unblest,
A soul that is doomed to a flight without rest
- 12 Through a tempest-curst heaven, like a desolate star,
Wandering forever so lone and so far.
- 13 Oh, bird of the ocean! oh, bird of the sky!
Your bosoms were never so weary as I;
- 14 And ye never were hunted by tempest and wind
As she who is fallen is tracked by mankind.
- 15 They call me—they brand me a wandering disgrace,
A thing so inhumanly lost to my race
- 16 That all women shun me, even Christians they flee,
And would lodge my destroyer far sooner than me.
- 17 Ha! of all bitter scorn most relentlessly human
For her who is fallen, is the scorn of a woman.
- 18 I once had a lover,—alas! that I had,
For the thought of it daily hath driven me mad.

- 19 Great God! this burning, this aching, this torturing brain!
And my bosom, will it never be done with its pain?
- 20 What, where is the folly so worthy reproving
As to be half the terrible danger of loving!
- 21 And I loved; and my lover he swore to me true—
And no other god my soul dreamed of nor knew—
- 22 He vowed to me truly as lovers are blind
Always to be faithful and the lovingest kind
- 23 Of a lover; and he talked and he told of the blisses
That should fill the whole future as sweet as his kisses;
- 24 Oh those kisses! in my dreams I can feel them warm yet,
And his passionate vows I can never forget
- 25 As he told me his love was as deep as the sea
And as long as all time and eternity be;
- 26 As he swore to protect me within his strong arm
From the least to the greatest of evil or harm;
- 27 That I should be always forever his pride,
On earth and in Heaven his sole lovely bride;
- 28 For he swore to be true in the next world and this,
And how could I doubt when my soul was all his?
- 29 Ah, pleasure! how fleet are thy moments, and yet
What we learn in an hour no years can forget.
- 30 But who—who shall measure the hazzard of love!
What is there below or in regions above,
- 31 Or in all of earth's journey of folly and sin,
In its wild chance or grieving or pain can begin

- 32 To compare with love's risks of pursuit or possessing!
Yes, witness it, ye who have known its caressing.
- 33 And in that blinded hour—that moment of bliss—
That curse of my life and the parent of this—
- 34 But 't is strange, strangely woeful, ah! woefully strange
One should barter all Heaven for so slight an exchange.
- 35 But Love, Love, you know not in your infinite trust
Till you've worshiped a god that has proved to be dust.
- 36 Ah! the bee hovers on while sweet's the perfume,
But when he is cloyed he abandons the bloom.
- 37 But woman, why so gladly the betrayer reprieve
While his victim you scorn so and never forgive?
- 38 But that is no business of mine; I but know
To the scorn of the world and the demon of woe
- 39 He forsook me, forsook me! without even his name
He left me to bear his dark deed and its shame.
- 40 But what burdens, oh God! can the bosom of woman
Bear up and bear on and she still be a human!
- 41 But why hast Thou favored the pitiless wrong,
Or abandoned the weak as a prey to the strong?
- 42 And left them to bear what no hope can relieve,
But to wander still onward to grieve and to grieve.
- 43 Yet when the first surge of the tempest was gone,
For the love of my Love, I tried to bear on,
- 44 And I tried to bear bravely, for the world, so divine,
Had decided the blame and the shame were all mine.

- 45 But what with earth's scorn so willingly given,
And the loss of the love that was dearer than Heaven,
- 46 With woman unwilling that I should e'er rise,
And men ever tempters in human disguise,
- 47 Soon I and my little one drifted to slums
Where even God's mercy or love never comes.
- 48 There for unnumbered months—'t were unnumbered years
Were hours but counted by heartaches and tears—
- 49 But let me not speak of this horrible lot
Where, where I endured, God only knows what!
- 50 And I would not, no! no! I could not describe
The woe that I felt and the grief for my babe.
- 51 But did I say God's mercy or love never comes
To visit these horrible, cursable slums?
- 52 Nay! at last they did come,—the sweet angel came
And rescued my waif from the sluices of shame;
- 53 Ah! the sweet angel came, but in passing me left
Me forsaken again and doubly bereft;
- 54 My heart was all widowed and childless, and I
Abandoned by God, men, and the angels on high;
- 55 Left — and on I must wander though darkness abounds,
And my soul is still darker than the night that surrounds;
- 56 And wherever I go in my shame and disgrace
There follows me ever a love-haunting face,
- 57 For I loved,—God! why was that passion put in
My bosom to drag me to Hell with its sin?

- 58 For I loved with a passion as fierce as the fire
That tears the bosom of earth in its ire.
- 59 It hath torn me—my soul—my heart into shreds;
Lo! lo! such rewards when love but misweds.
- 60 And I loved, and this is the tale that it bears,
A life of desertion, pollution and tears.
- 61 And these are the demon that follows me so,
The furies of sorrow wherever I go;
- 62 And I seek and I seek what I never shall find,
A balm for my heart and a peace for my mind.
- 63 Oh! my soul is as sad as Medusa's, accurst!
Would I too were turned to a Gorgon, the worst;
- 64 Ha! then vengeance would be in my terrible fate
To wreak and to hold it on all that I hate.
- 65 Yet still in the stillness of night comes a gleam,
It steals down from Heaven in the form of a dream;
- 66 For oft when I'm weary, and I lie on the ground,
And my soul is all troubled with the miseries around,
- 67 My sweet babe with hair so sunny and gold
In my tired stricken bosom she nests as of old;
- 68 And she prattles, and tells of a fair, distant clime
Far away from the valley of weeping and crime;
- 69 And she chides all the sorrows that weary my breast,
And seems to be trying to soothe me to rest.

- 70 In my dreams then I wonder, and strangely I fear
For my darling so Heavenly-pure to be here ;
- 71 And trembling I wake, and when looking around
I know I have only been kissing the ground,
- 72 My tears but too plainly remind me, alone,
There's a spot in my bosom that is not turned to stone.
- 73 Yet the more that I wander contemned and reviled
By the great world whose hatred upon me hath piled
- 74 Its wrath fearful high, and the lower I sink
Beneath it, the more I am grateful to think
- 75 That God was still kind enough, e'en in my woe,
To rescue my loved one—my babe from the slough.
- 76 Oh, my sunny-faced, sunny-haired babe of a year!
Such treasures must be to the angels most dear,
- 77 That they should descend into places so low
To snatch from the wary such a wee bit of snow.
- 78 Ah! it made my night darker when they took her away,
For of all that was left me 't was the last lovely ray.
- 79 But what am I saying, and why do I stop
Here to talk of my woe, when hope, even hope,
- 80 Hath nothing to offer, nay, worse! it hath fled
Like love, leaving only the wish I were dead.
- 81 Oh, sad is the soul without hope, without love!
No light upon earth, no ray from above ;
- 82 Ah! lonely, 't is lonely to be thus alone,
Forsaken, deserted by all and by one.

- 83 Would, would I could still the complaint of my breast,
And sink to forgetfulness beyond all unrest;
- 84 But no! there is something immortal in grief
Where the memory of love refuses relief.
- 85 The heart unrequited left only its dearth
Is the sorrow supreme of them all of this earth,
- 86 For nothing can silence or solace the past,
And mourning, perpetual mourning at last
- 87 Must end in the hate of all life, and must prove
The torture, the anguish eternal of love.
- 88 And this is the doom that's allotted my crime
Of loving and folly, for eternity's time.
- 89 But on I must wander in search of a shed,
A shelter from night's chilling damp for a bed.
- 90 Oh Nature! why hast not provided a place,
A place where we wretches might hide from disgrace;
- 91 Some deadly abyss where we might be hurled
Forever at peace with the scorn of the world?
- 92 But all is denied us, and on I must go
Again in the darkness pursued by its woe.
- 93 But ye—ye more fortunate mortals, we part,
Remember we wandering ones still have a heart;
- 94 And though ye will never allow us to rise
From the pit and the mire we even despise,
- 95 Wherever ye see us, pray, pray do not add
Your burthen of taunts to make us more sad;

- 96 But pray to kind Heaven to lighten our loads
Till Time shall assign us our darker abodes ;
- 97 Yes! pray to Great God to lighten the spell
Till Death shall entomb us in the dungeons of Hell.
- 98 But oh, this dread present! this crime against right!
What phantoms, what demons rise out of my night!



The Frolicsome Snow.

- Halloo! and heigh-ho! how the feathery snow
Is flitting and flying wherever we go!
And flakelet on flakelet besprinkle the ground
As tho' the weird witches were strewing around
5 Rare crystals for the elves to frolic upon;
While the hound and the hunter with bugle and gun
Grow wild to be chasing the swift-flying fawn,
And the maid hears the tinkle of bells in her dreams
And the vision with many a victory teems,
10 While the wary swain smiles at her fanciful thought;
And the school-boy already the frolic hath caught,
And the children are wildest of all in their glee,
For Kris-Kringle 'mid the downy-clad atoms they see,
And all, all rejoice—save the poor,—ah! I'm sure
15 That the snow falleth lightly on all, save the poor.

- Halloo! and heigh-ho! how the tempest doth blow!
Ha! sure he hath joined the feathery snow.
Wild, wild fly the flakes—the rollicking flakes,
O'er the hills and the valleys, the pampas and lakes,
20 On hither and thither through the tops of the trees,
Out over the lea, like a sky full of bees,
Or myriads of fairies astride of the breeze;
Some high on the gale, some near to the ground,
Just teasing the earth with a skip and a bound,
25 Then onward and onward like fays in a race,
Still astride of the tempest they fly in your face,
As if they were crazed with the glee of the wind,
Forgetful of all that's before or behind.

- Halloo! and heigh-ho! ho! the frolicsome snow
30 Is flying and flying wherever we go.
Wild, wild fly the flakes—the rollicking flakes,
Far over the hilltops, valleys and lakes,
Their boisterous way to the village they've foun',
Hurry-scurry they sweep and eddy aroun'
35 As though they would scour every nook in the town.
How they scamper and scamper like apes in a flight!
Or prowl through the alleys, so airy and light
Not a chink nor a crevice e'er misses their sight;
For tho' they're so hoary their eyes are so keen
40 Not the tiniest cranny that ever was seen,
But they'll spy and pry in with their noses of frost,
Playing pranks everywhere like the wind whence they're toss'd.

- Halloo! and heigh-ho! ho! the frolicsome snow
Is flying and flying wherever we go.
45 Wild, wild fly the flakes—the rollicking flakes,
Till the vast, vast above's but a vision of specks.
How they swell the white drift to an elegant pile!
Or alight, as if weary of many a mile,
Ah! daintily to loiter by the way, for awhile;
50 Like the maiden, whom many and many have seen—
Unaware of the peril to purity's sheen—
They alight near to danger and loiter as tho'
They would always and always be crystals of snow.
But alas! for the maid and the flakes, 't is the same
55 When they've both lost that charm of all charms—a fair name.

- But, halloo! and heigh-ho! let the frolicsome snow
Keep flying and flying wherever we go.
Though it sink to the earth to be ground in the dust,
There'll be snow and fair maidens long after we must
60 Cease adoring their beauty and lamenting their fall.
Then hail to the snow!—o'er Lake Alice and all.

Shelve the skate, ply the sledges, let high carnival
Of merriment—merriment enter the town
And welcome the snow with its crystalline crown.

65 Yes, hail and heigh-ho! to the frolicsome snow
That is flying and flying wherever we go;
May it bury our griefs as it buries the soil,
Leaving mirth wild as flakes to beatify toil.
With a tear and a gift to the poor, let us go
70 Out joyful to welcome the frolicsome snow.





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